THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS

VOL. XV. MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1918 NO. 4

"Save paper," is the country's plea,
And so it seems much wiser
To cut the ads, print solid news,
And help to can the Kaiser!

FROM J. C. FRENCH '05, IN THE CANADIAN ARMY

"At last I have something to write about that is of importance, at least to me. I think I described to you our advance on Amiens front on the 8th of August, also on August 16th. After a short rest we went over the top on August 26 on the Arras front. Had no barrage and got into nest of M. G's. Gained objective; were flanked; my O. C. and platoon commander and section commander were killed that P. M. We withdrew about a kilometer at dark.

At midnight our relief came up. We were told to pack and stand ready to move back as our relief was going over top at 4:30 A. M. No rations came for us and no rum issued. About 3:3 orders changed. We had to gain our former objective before real advance started and before barrage opened.

I was myself the second man in the platoon line that crept up the C. F. to get to the Huns main trench. When nearly there, we came on three (or more) hiding round the corner of the trench. They threw three grenades into the traverse that I was on. One corporal ordered us to retire. Had wound in chest and leg. Fired twice, then climbed parapet with one other wounded chap and threw grenades. When Huns flares got quiet again we crawled into reeds and hid. Huns were prowling all around us. Our fellows had gone back via the C. F. Thought to get "napooed."

In half an hour the main advance began. Huns were soon driven back on ridge. Then crept on hands and knees clear back to jumping-off trench and found a stretcher-bearer.

Am progressing very well. Should be back to duty by December. Gash in leg is worst. Fibula fractured.

Well, General Pershing is sure doing things to Fritz this month. If I were some twenty years younger should try to get transferred to a U. S. unit but guess they would reject me now.

Hope to see the war end by next summer. Perhaps I am too hopeful about it.

On leaving hospital we get a 14-days leave, so I shall probably see old London again. England's landscapes are the finest I ever saw anywhere."

Private J. C. French, 718319
No. 2 Hut. Cambridge Hospital,
Aldershott, England
September 15, 1918

CHARTER DAY

Friday November 1, marked the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the founding of Middlebury College. Owing to the unusual circumstances in which the college finds itself this fall, the observance of the day was limited to a short speech in Chapel by Professor Wright and the singing of an appropriate hymn.

WE WHO REMAIN "OVER HERE"

There is probably no one in college (or school) who would not give everything he possesses to get "into the game" somehow. It is not a slacker spirit that keeps us here, but rather some physical disability, some financial responsibility which we cannot dodge, or more likely the incurable malady of having been born too soon or too late. Two courses of action are open to us: either we can eat our hearts out with disappointment, and vitiate our point of view on all of life by vainly longing for the impossible; or we can accept the impossible as a direct challenge to such service as we can render right here.

And the United War Work Campaign, which is to be conducted here on November 5, 6, 7, is at least one big opportunity for us "over here." Every one of us is proud of our service flag. We have waved our hats and our flags at the thought that our college has not failed to respond with her best to the country's call. We have pledged to them not only the shells and O. D. and corned-beef for which we have just been lending Uncle Sam all the money we could raise; but also the extra comforts which our good Uncle Sam does not attempt to provide. A cracker, a cigarette, a bit of chocolate or a piece of writing paper is a small thing in the United States; but it is a mighty precious thing when the Y. M. C. A. or some similar organization puts it into a man's hands at the moment when he needs it most—and puts it there with your compliments. And we who send the boys off with cheers and promises, must play fair with them down to the smallest details.

Such material comforts, however, are not the most important service rendered by the seven organizations which are conjointly asking our support in this campaign. Life in the army tends to deaden the initiative and alertness of the men. Much of their thinking and deciding is done for them. Every detail of their work is so covered by standard regulations or by orders from higher up that in most matters only very little responsibility is left to the individual. In the armies which have been in the war since the outset, many of the men have lost not only their keenness in intellectual and artistic things, but even their taste for them. Against such a background, and in the face of such tendencies, think of the priceless value of the books, for example, which your dollars, given to this fund, place within the reach of all the men—good books of all kinds on all subjects. Think of the first-class entertainers, and of the lecturers—many of our leading public men and educators,—who are bringing to the men in the service new vision, and stimulus to careful thought on all important questions. And think of that daring scheme for the "Kahki University," already partly in operation, which will give to every man in the American Expeditionary Forces the chance to carry on, under capable instructors, the studies which were so abruptly interrupted when he entered the service. This means insurance for the men against the dead loss of one year or two or three in their preparation for their life work. It means preventing the men we have sent from losing in one year the acquisition of many—and the taste and ability to make further acquisition. It means cutting down very materially the handicap under which these men will attack the future.

Of course, it is hard for us to give now as much as we should like to this big fund. We have lent Uncle Sam every dollar we had, and a lot more that we hoped we could get. It may seem like the impossible for us here to raise the amount which has been set before us as our goal. But these are the days of achieving the impossible. When our Second Division was dumped out of trucks across the road to Paris near Chateau Thierry in June, the scattered French units retiring before the Germans said to the Americans as they passed through the lines which were just being formed, "Come on back; the best of the whole Boche army is on you; it is impossible!" But the word "impossible" was not in the vocabulary of the 2nd Division, and the rush to Paris was effectually blocked. Nor will that word be in ours now if we go into this campaign—and into our pockets—in the same spirit as that which our boys barred the Paris road in those critical days of early June.

(The Campus has been requested to give immediate publication to the following article, and the importance of the warning cannot be overestimated.)

Don't Sell Your Liberty Bonds; To Hold Them Is Patriotic, To Keep Them Is Wise.

Some get-rich-quick concerns are endeavoring to persuade patriotic Liberty bond holders, whom they know will not sell outright their Liberty bonds, to turn over their Liberty bonds to these companies as security for a loan and with the money thus borrowed purchase stock in their companies.

A Liberty loan bond is the safest investment in the world, and a prudent man will very carefully investigate any effort to induce him to exchange it for a less safe investment.

This lending one money on Liberty bonds as security to purchase stock in the lender's company is in many cases only a thinly disguised method of exchanging stock of doubtful value for Liberty bonds of unquestioned value.

It is a good business and it is patriotism to hold your Liberty bonds.

Sunday, our first day of freedom after the long quarantine, was visitors' day on the Hill, to judge by the many relatives and friends who availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing us again.

YOUR HELP NEEDED!

What are you doing to help the War Service Committee? There are this month of November one hundred and forty correspondence cards to be taken up by the students. Did you take one? Do not forget that through letters of yours our fellows renew their courage to win in the great war, and are also kept in touch with the old College in Vermont. Take a card for November!

The rally day to raise funds for the year, $500, was to be Thursday of this week. But we have given way to the United War Work Campaign, which desired to come to the College earlier than the appointed date, and we cheerfully postpone our own collecting until the first of December. Give, and give generously, give till it hurts, to the great causes which the Campaign speakers will present. But do not forget to save a dollar for our own committee. Our work is a small part of their own.

Owing to the enormous amount of mail matter now daily forwarded to the American Expeditionary Forces in France and elsewhere, the Government is obliged this year to prohibit the general sending of Christmas boxes. But, that our Middlebury boys may be remembered at holiday time the Committee is preparing some photographs of "Midd," Old and New, which will surely delight the recipients. These attractive pictures, mounted upon specially prepared cards, and coupled with an appropriate greeting, will be forwarded next week to the men farthest away, later to the fellows nearer home, that all at about the same time may receive these artistic reminders from the College on the Hill.

FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY ISABEL M. BLAKE, '05.

"It seems as though my days were spent in one mad rush to prepare and supply clothing for the ragged refugees who come pouring from the towns taken by the British as they advanced north-ward. Added to this, I run a little shop or canteen, shall we call it?—where the refugees who are earning some money in the industries, may spend it. This is better than to continue giving them all their clothing. Just now, too, I am superintending the diet kitchen, in the absence of the regular superintendent. I will enclose a copy of a newspaper which describes part of our work.

The industries are ever so interesting, but we need more of them. We have weaving, carpentry, the making of combs and spoons of bone or wood, rug weaving, embroidery, lace making, string-spinning, knitting and "sewing shirts for soldiers"— gray flannel ones, of which we turn out 12,000 a month. But we keep only a very small proportion of the people busy. The camp is completely militarized and we feel fairly close to the heart of events."

Isabel M. Blake,
Armenian Refugee Camp,
Port Said, Egypt.

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VOL. XV. NOVEMEER 6, 1918. No. 4

EDITORIAL

This week the nation-wide drive for the United War Work Fund goes through at Middlebury College. New England's Quota is $14,833,500, of which we are to give $4,500. A small part of the total, perhaps, but in the great scheme of things it is of the utmost importance that each one of us does his share. Last year the students of America gave over a million dollars to a fund representing but two of the seven causes included in this campaign. Can we be less generous today? This year, too, conditions within the college itself should give an added impetus to the successful outcome. There are three distinct classes of students among us, each with special reasons for generosity towards these war work agencies.

Students in the service of the government, although now part of the army, realize that their new relationship involves no immediate hazard. We feel certain that no objections will be raised by the student-soldier when asked for contributions to the fund, for he realizes that these war work agencies not only provide for the comfort of his comrades-in-arms, but also insure his own comfort, now in the S. A. T. C. and later when he goes into active service.

Again, there are more women in college this year than ever before. They are increasingly eager to express their patriotism by acts of unselfish service, and will carry through the fund successfully.

There are also the physically disqualified, and those who for various reasons are not members of the S. A. T. C. Although their part in this greatest struggle of the ages cannot be active, they can as surely do something to help the cause along.

The war is not over. The enemy of civilization is being slowly driven back to its lair by the forces which stand for the best and holiest in life, but the reasons we had last year for giving comfort to our fighting forces, and the sustainment of their morale, are now many times multiplied.

Men and Women of Middlebury College, the issue is squarely up to us. Success or Failure, which? The question that confronts each one of us is not "can we afford to contribute?" but "can we afford not to **give**, and give freely to this greatest of causes!"

We are so thoroughly absorbed in the busy round of college life that we are apt to fail in recognizing the broader issues of the world. It is a wonderful privilege to live to-day, when there is so much for every one of us to do. Perhaps many of us overlook the opportunity of doing that which is nearest us, in the hope of reaching further into a world of glory and fame. Not a few of our number have "crabbed" most ignobly because of the seeming inactivity forced upon us as college students. Yet have we not been told repeatedly that educated men and women are most valuable in the service of our country?

With this fact in mind let us cease questioning the wisdom of our present work and assume our duties with a new sort of patriotism, that in which we perform our tasks unquestioningly and uncomplainingly that we may be better fitted to fill our position in this great scheme of war, when the call comes.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On the evening of the thirtieth of October a motley crowd assembled in Pearsons Social Hall. There were ghosts, gypsies, little girls in short dresses, convicts and Satyrs, such a crew as had never before been seen in the eminently respectable Social Hall at Pearsons. When all were assembled they were taken on a ghost walk where they traversed the path of life and underwent many other trials. Various Hallowe'en games were then played and refreshments were served in the shape of apples and popcorn. After this the lights were lowered and Miss Dutton told a ghost story that was sufficiently hair-raising to elicit a few wild shrieks. The evening closed with a snake dance and the singing of Midd songs.

The committee in charge of the affair were: Helen Stilphen, Chairman; Ruth Clark, Dorothy Nash, Laura Fales, Mabel Hoyt, Madine Rogers, Angeline Simpson and Edith Talmadge.

With the lifting of quarantine Moving Pictures will be given in the McCullough Gymnasium every Wednesday and Saturday evening under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Secretary. A vote was taken among the men as to whether they preferred to sing and smoke on these evenings or to refrain from these pleasures and invite the girls to enjoy the pictures with them. It is rumored that the vote was close but those in favor of the fair sex won. So, Lieutenant Jones, be prepared to have your sacred precincts invaded twice a week by an avalanche of fluttering femininity.

Music 5 mourns the loss of its one man.

CHARTER DAY

On Friday, November first, without demonstration of any sort, Middlebury College passed her one hundred and eighteenth birthday, Begun in the midst of troubled times and in the most unsettled circumstances, this year may yet mark a new era in the life of the college.

No one who loves Middlebury can read that remarkable list of her sons, who have served their age so faithfully and well, without something of a thrill and a wish to be numbered among those who have made the name of Middlebury an honored one. But of late there have been those who have said that the student body and the younger alumni did not measure up to the old standard,—that the "Middlebury type" was a thing of the past, and that the college would soon lose claim to its epithet, "the little college with the famous alumni." Facts are proving the prophecy false. One year ago Middlebury was a college of boys and girls,—careless boys, perhaps, and thoughtless girls. Today those boys are facing, with an almost unconscious heroism and the purest idealism, tasks before which many an older man might flinch. Those girls, in the short space of a year, have become women, who are learning something of the dignity of sacrifice. Thus is Middlebury proving to the world that the spirit of the fathers is still alive in the hearts of her sons and daughters.

Then all honor to our Alma Mater! May her one hundred and nineteenth year be one of prosperity for herself, inspiration for her children and service to the world.

ALUMNI NOTES

Alice Chynoweth is teaching mathematics in Richford, Vermont.

Goldie Courtemanche is teaching in Wellesley, Mass.

Frances Pray is teaching in St. Mary's School at Concord, N. H.

Louise H. Reynolds '18, who is teaching in Proctor, has been a recent visitor, as have her parents, the Rev. Joseph Reynolds and Mrs. Reynolds

A daughter, Pauline Alice, has been born to Mr. and Mrs. George Carleton of Springfield, Vt. Mrs. Carleton was formerly Kathleen Foote of the class of 1911.

Ex '14. Raymond G. Fuller, who was chief editorial writer on the Philadelphia Telegraph until the recent sale of that paper, is now connected with the National Child Labor Committee, New York City, as director of publicity and editor of publications. He is contributing articles to the Review of Reviews, the New Republic and other magazines.

Krazy Korner

K-K-K-K. P., beautiful K. P.,
That's the only j-j-j-job that's not a bore.
When the m-moon shines over the messhall
I'll be scrubbing at the K-K-K-Kitchen floor.

'16 Harriet Myers Fish is principal of Franklin High School, Franklin, Vt. She has been a recent visitor in Vergennes.

COLLEGE NOTES

Mary E. McNamara, '22 has left college.

Elizabeth Johnson '19 has returned to college from her home in Newburyport, Mass.

Margaret Hassett has returned to college after an absence of a month owing to the death of her father.

Elizabeth Spencer '22 was called to her home in Brattleboro Saturday, by the serious illness of her sister.

Ella B. Wright '22 entertained her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wright of Deerfield, Mass., over the week-end.

It is expected that there will be a Sophomore Hop this year as usual, and a committee is already at work on plans for the event.

Company B is no longer obliged to take "seconds" at mess, for Hamlin Commons has been fitted up for a second dining-room of the S. A. T. C

Madeline Halford '19 has gone to her home in Pittsfield, Mass., in order to be with her father for a few days before he sails for France on November 5.

A meeting of the Student Government Association was held in the Hemicycle on Tuesday, October 28, 1918, for the purpose of discussing questions of interest to the Women's College.

Many bitter feelings are entertained among the men of the college because they were not invited to the Hallowe'en Party at Pearsons. It is said they were especially attracted by the price of admission.

A meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held on Wednesday evening, October 29, 1918 in Pearsons Hall. Madine Rogers was the leader and gave a very effective talk on the subject of "Slackers." The word was taken in its broader sense, as referring to any one who failed to meet his obligations in life, no matter what the activity. Particular reference was made to the life of a student in college and the opportunities there presented to be made the most of or passed by.

DON'T FORGET THE WAR SERVICE DRIVE SOON TO COME

The Campus is more than glad to give any possible assistance to the War Service Drive now in progress. If there is any work in the Great War which is peculiarly ours, by Middlebury, of Middlebury and for Middlebury, it is the work of the War Service Committee. But without our help, this work cannot go on, and there is no middle way. Success or Failure, which? From time to time we have seen letters from our boys in the service; maybe we have talked with some of the men home on furlough. Surely the highest praise one can wish for, they give the work of the War Service Committee; the greatest reward we can desire is the knowledge that in some way we have helped, and are helping to make their lives a little brighter.

The continuation of this great work is squarely up to us; to you, and to me, students, alumni, Faculty of Middlebury College! Can we afford to let pass the opportunity to give our help?

"Cheer them on, our boys forever,
Champions of the White and Blue,
Loyal ever be our watchword,
Middlebury, here's to you."